

We Could Be Alright by DoneInLove

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Coming Out, Fluff, M/M, Original Character(s), Will Byers Deserves Happiness, future fic - high school

Language: English

Characters: Charlie Adams (OMC), Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/OMC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-11-30

Updated: 2017-11-30

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:06:57

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,679

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

I pulled the blanket tighter around us, trying to block out the cold wind whipping through the cracks in the walls. Charlie nuzzled further against me for the same reason and I looked up at his face, so much closer than I was used to seeing it. He was looking at me the same way he did that day in his room when he asked to be my friend. It felt like his eyes were searching mine for something and it made me flush just like before.

I was so lost in his eyes, I almost missed it when he whispered, “God, you’re so pretty Will.”

Heat flooded my cheeks and I ducked my head, like maybe he wouldn’t see it. “Really?”

“Is it weird that I want to kiss you right now?”

We Could Be Alright

Author's Note:

Literally, I just got to thinking about how much I want Will to be happy and how it would be great if season 3 gave him a boyfriend and well, here we are.

This was originally just supposed to be a short little one chapter dealio, but it started getting out of hand, so I decided to separate it up for easier reading. So if the end of this chapter feels wonky, that's why. But fear not, the next part(s?) should be coming soon.

*Disclaimer: I don't play D&D, so I pulled everything I used in here from the internet, which means it's probably not accurate. Also I have no clue what's changed between the 80's version of the game and today's, so who even knows how accurate that part actually is.

High school was weird.

I mean, I'm sure it would be weird enough for any normal kid, but I don't think anyone would have called me 'normal' since I was a baby or something. Yeah, sure, the last few years of my life have definitely been the [i]most[/i] abnormal, with the Demogorgon and the Upside Down and the damned Mind Flayer and all that crap. But ask anyone; I've never been a normal kid.

My dad - not that I thought about him like that much anymore - always had something to say about how weird I was. Why couldn't I be into sports instead of drawing in my room all the time? Why couldn't I learn to talk to people like everyone else? Why'd I have to be so shy, always hiding behind my mom's legs, and all that? Ask Lonnie about his younger son and you're sure to get some kind of negative comment, at best.

So yeah, add on things like nightmares, memories that keep me up at night, fight or flight responses being triggered by a slamming locker,

all those kinds of things, on top of my social anxiety and weirdo status left over from middle school, and high school was not necessarily the exciting time it was supposed to be for me.

My friends were my saving grace, though. They kept me feeling as 'normal' as they could, without making it feel forced like it sometimes did with my mom and the other adults. Eleven was in school with us now, though she went by Jane officially, and Max was fully a part of the group, even though she and Lucas were so inseparable it was almost unbearable sometimes. Surprisingly, Mike and El weren't anywhere near the kind of couple the other two were; so much so that sometimes I forgot they were still dating, to be honest.

The part of high school that took the most getting used to was having different classes with different people. In the past, I always had all of my classes with Mike, Lucas, and Dustin, so if I ever felt like I needed them, they were right there, instantly. That was half of what kept me together in eighth grade after everything with the Mindflayer settled down. But in high school, I didn't have any of my classes with all of my friends. English was the best, with El, Max, and Dustin. But I had most of my classes with only one of them.

And my American History class was quite literally the worst. America has the most boring history in the world to begin with; what makes history so interesting is the mythology and the lore that comes from the ancient cultures and their collective histories, but the only thing close to that you get with American history is with Native Americans. And Mr. Oliver seemed hellbent on not even mentioning Native Americans unless they're the bad guys in the story. That class sucked. And I didn't have a single one of my friends in it with me to lessen the blow of suckiness, let alone for those days when I really just needed my support system there for me. It sounds silly, but sometimes even just knowing they were there helped me feel better, even if nothing was happening for me to actually need them.

By the second week of school, Mr. Oliver had the nerve to assign us a group project. I still wasn't used to not having any of my friends in the class with me, so my head swiveled instantly, looking for one of those familiar faces. But all I got were blank looks from people who probably would have rather been partnered with Mr. Oliver himself

than with the Zombie Boy. I slumped down into my seat and felt the familiar trickle of anxiety creeping up my spine when a voice called out to me from behind.

“Hey, you’re Will, right?” the boy in the seat behind mine asked. I knew he was new to Hawkins that year, that he moved from New York, and that part of his family is from Thailand, but I only knew all of that because Mr. Oliver made everyone introduce themselves on the first day with ‘one fun fact’ about themselves. I didn’t even remember his name; I spaced out for most of the introductions and only started paying attention again when I heard ‘Thailand’. I wanted to say his name started with a C or a K, but really, I was grasping for straws.

“Uh, yeah,” I answered, turning to look at him.

“Did you wanna partner up?” He almost looked eager, which was something I wasn’t used to seeing from my classmates.

I laughed. “I dunno. I was looking forward to partnering with my invisible friend here,” I said, pointing at the empty seat next to me. Both of us knew it was only empty because Rebecca Tillerson had just stood up to walk across the room.

The new boy laughed back. “Shame. Maybe they can get with my invisible friend so we can be partners this time.” His smile was wide enough that I could tell he had a chipped canine tooth, and I found myself thinking it was kind of adorable. Just like the way his eyes crinkled around the edges with that huge smile was kind of adorable.

“Hmm, yeah, y’know, I think we can manage that after all.” My own smile was probably embarrassingly big too, but I kind of didn’t care. Most people would have thought my joke was stupid and probably would have immediately brushed me off as a weirdo like normal. I didn’t even know this kid’s name, but I know from his response that we were going to get along real well.

“Sweet. I like your wizard, by the way.”

“Huh?”

He pointed to the notebook on my desk where I was “taking notes”, ie. drawing in the margins. “Your wizard guy. He’s pretty cool. You’re a good artist.”

I blushed and laughed nervously. I hadn’t really meant for anyone to see my doodles, but I guess as long as he liked them, it wasn’t too bad. “Uh, thanks. It’s just a little sketch though, nothing fancy. But I appreciate it. I don’t show many people my art, usually.”

“What? You totally should man.” He reached out and patted my shoulder. “You’re really good. I uh,” he laughed, a little nervous sounding. “I watch you doodle over your shoulder sometimes. Way more interesting than listening to Mr. Oliver ramble on.”

I laughed. “Dude, yes. That’s why I doodle so much. This class is so boring.”

“At least this project might be more fun than the class, with you as a partner.” He flashed another grin at me and I felt my cheeks heat up, only this time it wasn’t out of embarrassment.

I never really understood what constituted ‘flirting’, but right then I could have sworn that’s what was happening. But I knew better, right? There was no way he was actually flirting with me. Right?

Before I could totally make a fool out of myself, Mr. Oliver pulled the class’s attention back up front to tell us to wrap it up because class was about to end. I turned back to the new kid to figure out when we were going to meet up and realized that I was in far too deep to ask what his name was then. I would have felt like the biggest butt asking his name after we hit it off so well. He knew my name, so obviously I should have known his too by that point.

Thankfully, he cut off my internal freakout by writing something in his notebook and tearing it out for me, telling me I could come over anytime, as long as I phoned first so his dad knew. I looked down at the paper and saw *Charlie Adams 157 Larkspur Dr 555-348-9945* scrawled across it. I smiled and told him I’d stop at home to let my mom know and head over after that.

The project still wasn’t necessarily fun, but it was way more

enjoyable working with Charlie on it than it would have been alone, and we made it as fun as we could anyways. It took us almost the whole week Mr. Oliver assigned to finish it, but that's mostly because we kept getting side tracked and spent half the time talking about anything else but the project itself. And yeah, maybe a part of me started distracting us on purpose, because I didn't really want the project to get done if it meant I could keep hanging out with Charlie.

“Alrighty then,” Charlie said, standing up. He took a step back, put his hands on his hips, and cocked his head to look at the finished product. “Not bad for a bunch of old white guys, huh?”

I laughed and looked at the poster board in front of us again. It was a bunch of clippings of U.S. Presidents with biographies pasted underneath of them. Definitely not an interesting topic, and hard to make into a fun project, but we did the best we could to make ours different. It wasn't even my ideas to use Dungeons and Dragons classifications for the biographies. Turns out, Charlie is just getting into the game and thought it would be hilarious to give our past presidents a D&D style makeover. I agreed wholeheartedly.

“Mr. Oliver is going to freak,” I said, giggling. I leaned closer to the poster and re-read two of my favorites.

James Madison, Level 4 Forest Gnome Wizard. Background: Noble. Heir to a prominent plantation and highly educated. Personality: My favor, once lost, is lost forever. Ideal: Noble Obligation. It is my duty to protect and care for the people beneath me. Bond: My loyalty to my sovereign is unwavering. Flaw: I hide a truly scandalous secret that could ruin my family forever.

Abraham Lincoln, Level 16 Half-Elf Rogue. Background: Folk Hero. Defining event: I stood up to a tyrant's agents. Personality: When I set my mind to something, I follow through no matter what gets in my way. Ideal: Respect. People deserve to be treated with dignity and respect. Bond: I protect those who cannot protect themselves. Flaw: The tyrant who rules my land will stop at nothing to see me killed.

“I love that we made their level what number president they were.

And that we made Lincoln a half-elf. Like, who knows how many secrets he's hiding up that big hat, right?"

"Definitely elf-ears," Charlie answered, his smile just as wide as mine. He resumed his position next to me on the floor and I knocked my shoulder into his.

"Ugh, I just love it all. This was a great idea Charlie. Who cares what Mr. Oliver thinks."

He laughed and elbowed me back. "This was actually so much fun. You're really cool, y'know? I'm definitely glad I asked you to be my partner for this."

I blushed and looked down at my lap, stuttering out, "Oh, n-no, I mean, thanks. But uh, I'm definitely not cool. I'm practically number-one weirdo at this school."

Charlie responded as soon as I looked back up at him, almost as if he was waiting to catch my eyes. "That was me at my last school, so we might just have to fight for that position." We both laughed, and he added, "Although, if we didn't fight and stayed friends instead, I wouldn't quite mind being number-two weirdo here."

"Wait, stayed friends?"

He cocked his head like he had at the poster board and asked slowly, "Did you not want to?"

"No! I mean, I didn't know we were friends yet, is all." I wanted Charlie and me to be friends so much, but I didn't realize we were actually there yet, I guess. To be honest, I was starting to want Charlie to be something other than just a friend, but that wasn't something I was willing to entertain right then. I was much more focused on making sure I could at least be friends with him first.

He pursed his lips and shrugged. "Well, I thought we were." If I didn't know any better, I'd have thought he actually looked disappointed. The last thing I wanted to do was ruin any chances I had with him, so I started rambling in hopes of making things better.

"I'm sorry, I'm just...I told you I was a weirdo. I suck at making

friends, like really, I do. My first friend just kind of walked up to me and asked if I wanted to be friends and I said yes and then every other friend I've really ever made has been because of him and most people don't like me anyways so it's not like I go and try to make friends all the time. So I guess I just don't know how this really works because I'm so bad at - "

I vaguely heard Charlie trying to interject, but I kept going over his voice, and only stopping talking when his hands grasped my shoulders. "Hey. There we go. Now," he said, pausing to make sure I was actually looking at him. He held my gaze with his and asked slowly, "Will Byers, will you be my friend?"

I started laughing and couldn't stop, but Charlie kept his hands on my shoulders so I just kind of leaned my forehead against his until I regained normal breathing. I opened my eyes again to see his, so close and so steadily fixed on mine it almost seemed like he was looking inside of me. I didn't realize until just then the kind of position I had put us in, and unconsciously flicked my gaze downward, to where his lips were no more than a couple inches away from mine. Blood rushed to my cheeks so fast I think even my ears turned red.

I pulled back, but could only get so far because his hands were *still* on my shoulders. I couldn't quite gauge the look on his face, but I knew he'd have to be blind not to notice the massive blush all over my own. I cleared my throat a little bit and chuckled awkwardly, attempting to bring us back to any semblance of normalcy. "I'd love to be your friend, Charlie Adams."

I don't know if his name snapped him out of it or what, but he pulled his hands away and shook his head a little after I said it. He also chuckled awkwardly and when he looked back up at me, I saw the faintest of blushes blossoming on his cheeks too. Add that to the list of things that made him adorable.

We both proceeded to completely ignore whatever that was that happened, at least to each other's faces. I was a little hesitant to introduce Charlie to everyone else, not because I didn't think they'd all like him as much as I did, but because I kind of just wanted to be a little selfish. I wanted to keep Charlie to myself, at least for a little

while. And yeah, a part of me definitely hoped we'd have another... *moment* like we had before, only more. But that would never happen if I introduced him to my other friends, because we'd almost never be alone again.

So I just kind of didn't mention him to my friends at first. I felt bad about lying to them, but it was only little white lies mostly. If I had plans to hang out with Charlie and someone else invited me to something, I'd say I had to work on a project for class. And most of the time, that was actually true anyways. Mr. Oliver loved projects for some reason; by winter break, we'd already done three, and one was assigned for when we got back. Honestly, without Charlie, I don't know how I would have made it through American History in one piece.

Author's Note:

Not gonna lie, I may end up turning this into a whole "what I think/hope will happen in season 3" kind of deal eventually. But that would require lots of planning and creativity and, let's be real, I'm not the Duffer Brothers. I have no clue how I'd pull off anything like they do for the show, but I might give it a go just for shits and giggles, so we'll see.